

Amusements and Meetings To-Night.

KOSTER & BIAL'S GARDEN-CORNER.

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Business Notices.

"ADVERTISING BRAND."

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 DAILY TRIBUNE (without Sunday), 1 year, 10.00
 WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 1 year, 2.00
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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1879.

TRIPLE SHEET.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Special cable dispatches to THE TRIBUNE report that the position of General Roberts at Shurrp gives rise to grave misgivings in London; the Liberal leadership remains unchanged. Nine Italian nationalists have been convicted in Florence, Italy. The Marquis de Noailles is spoken of as likely to be the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Russians declare that they will attack Me in the Spring.

DOMESTIC.—A dispatch to THE TRIBUNE says the Maine plot was planned before the election, and that New-York and Boston politicians furnished money to carry out the plot; ex-Senator Morrill thinks Governor Garcelon will submit the proposed questions to the Supreme Court. A man-of-war has been ordered to Venezuela to investigate the expulsion of a United States commercial agent. Damage to property is expected to follow the rapid rise in the Ohio River at Cincinnati. A New-Jersey Pension Agent has been arrested for extortion. General Grant arrived in Washington yesterday.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The prospects of rapid transit in Westchester is discussed. The publication of the list of residents who do not pay taxes on personal property is continued. Elmer Ketchum & Co.'s tinware factory in Brooklyn was burned yesterday. Hact was in the walking mood. A new effort is making to consolidate the Brooklyn gas companies. Professor Spice lectured at Cooper Union. The coroner's jury said that the fall which killed Shattuck was caused by a blow by policeman Mohr. There was a hearing in the Lewis will case in Jersey City. Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains, 87.69 cents. Stocks more active and higher, closing strong.

THE WEATHER.—From local observations indicate warmer and partly cloudy weather, with chances of light rain or snow. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 28°; lowest, 12°; average, 20½°.

Mr. Grov's third method of settling the Maine controversy does more credit to his heart than to his head. Expect a Democrat to resign an office which had been filled! That is a degree of self-respect to which no Democrat, whether down East or down South, would ever plead guilty.

A London letter gives a pleasant description of an interesting ceremony which takes place every year in the Royal Academy of Arts—the presentation of medals and prizes, in which the dignity of the Academicians and the enthusiasm of the students make a picturesque contrast. One of the pleasantest features of the occasion was the gallant delight with which the students greeted the success of a young lady who won two prizes.

Every news page of to-day's TRIBUNE bristles with attractive features. Among these special stress is to be laid upon "H. H."s" reply to the Secretary of the Interior, Frederick Law Olmsted's views of the Future of New-York, another chapter of Mr. Congdon's Reminiscences, an account of a new amusement for Army officers, a letter from the Wilds of Tennessee, and an additional installment of the tax-lists.

The Bible is a book of which its reader however constant, may know much and little. Apart from the curious character and value of its history, the care with which it has been preserved, the industry with which it has been disseminated, and the philological precision with which it has been translated into many tongues, render it to the bibliographical scholar about the most interesting volume in the world. We may safely call the attention of the reader to the article upon the subject which we publish this morning. The writer brings together many scattered facts, and presents in a compendious form whatever is known of different sections of the Scriptures, of their early history, of the errors which have crept into them, and of the scholarship which has been lavished upon their exposition and elucidation.

fore the crossing, when there is ample time for the rider to get in the saddle—that is quite another thing.

The conspiracy in Maine turns out to have been the most "previous" thing of the season. It was planned and agreed upon weeks before the election; and to provide against any contingency two methods of cheating the people out of their choice and circumventing their will were devised in advance. If the conspirators had only taken the public into their confidence and explained how perfect were the internal workings of their fraud system, the voters would undoubtedly have remained away from the polls, and allowed the clerks in the Governor's office to telegraph the complete results of the canvass for THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC as early as sunrise of election day.

The gratuity of English correspondents in Paris whenever there is a political flurry in France is always amusing. The Channel is not the widest reach of salt water on the planet, but one would imagine from the voluminousness of the dispatches which are sent from one capital to the other whenever the composition of the Cabinet is changed that France was somewhere in the heart of the Dark Continent, and that its political combinations were as complex and intricate as the sources of the Nile. Mr. Smalley points out in a short paragraph the real significance of M. de Freycinet's attempt to reorganize the Cabinet, and the efforts which Gambetta is making to simplify the problem. The assertion is often made that the President of the Chamber must eventually become Premier. But his predecessor was never Premier, even when the majority found it difficult to unite upon a Cabinet leader. If the precedents have any weight the Premier must come from the floor and not from the presiding bench. Until the Constitution is revised Gambetta will not be apt to become either Premier or Executive.

Our special cable dispatches confirm with extreme positiveness the alarming accounts of the condition of General Roberts' command in the suburbs of Cabul. That column was only able to advance from its midsummer encampment by borrowing the baggage camels of the Candahar division, and now that it has cut loose from its base of supplies and is surrounded by a horde of fanatical mountaineers, the infantry are without socks, the cavalry have no tents and the ammunition is running low. The transport service of the British-Indian army seems to have broken down completely. Recklessness in campaign is sometimes the most sagacious generalship, and General Roberts' brilliant advance upon the enemy's capital would have been justified by the emergency if the column had been in readiness for a campaign. This was not the case, and the dispatches which have finally been allowed to see the light show how critical is the position of the command. It was taken for granted that the Afghans would remain as listless and inefficient on the battlefield as they were in the earlier stages of the campaign. The British have now learned that the hill tribes can fight their way close to the cannon's mouth. They are fired with religious frenzy, and are fighting as their fathers fought on the way to Khyber forty years ago.

THE STREET-CLEANING PROBLEM.
 The greatest, most difficult and dirtiest problem which this city has to solve is brought to public attention again most forcibly by the effects of the first snow-storm of the season. Can the streets of this city be kept decently clean and passable, and if so, how? Captain Williams has been savagely assailed by many, but no one has ever accused him of want of energy. When he was transferred to the charge of the street-cleaning force, men who had attacked him most earnestly were ready to admit: "If he cannot do the thing, there is not much hope." He has had little time or opportunity, as yet, but the condition of the streets on Christmas Day was not such as to convince persons on foot that he had solved the problem. The truth is that it has been too much the habit to attribute the condition of the streets to the negligence, inefficiency or misconduct of officials. Having some official body to complain of, and some palpable evidences of inefficiency or negligence, the public has been altogether too ready to suppose that the real difficulties were not great, that the present mode of dealing with them was well enough, and that the streets would be clean if the officials were clean-handed and faithful.

The truth is that the business of street-cleaning presents one of the most difficult problems of modern civilization. What shall be done with the stuff carted off? It will not do to put it into the river; the health of the city imperatively demands that the refuse should be removed to a distance from our dwellings. It would be fatal to the commerce of New-York to dump it into the bay, for investigation has already shown that the bays at the mouth of the harbor have been increased rapidly of late years by the accumulation of refuse dumped carelessly or unlawfully too near them. The attempt to take the vast mass of dirt and filth out into deep water cannot be expected to succeed, with any appliances now in use. The removal must be performed with regularity every day, or the streets cannot be kept clean, and yet there are times when it is absolutely impossible, sometimes for several days in succession, to move any fleet of mud-scows into the open and deep water beyond the bars, because of the violence of storms. The attempt to use the material from the streets in filling up low or marshy places anywhere near the city has been made, but it necessarily endangers the public health because of the presence of filth in all the sweepings, and must become an especial nuisance to the inhabitants and property-owners near the point selected. Legal resistance to that method of disposing of the stuff is certain, no matter where the attempt may be made; and whether such resistance should prove successful or not in the end, the mere fact that it would temporarily block the whole process of getting rid of the refuse renders it impossible to rely upon that process. Again, it has been said that the refuse of the streets would be of great value to farmers, and that they would gladly take it away at their own expense. But street sweepings would be useful to farmers, and they would have opportunity to take them away economically, only at certain seasons of the year. The only process which will answer is one which can be relied upon equally every day in the year, but with very great inequality as to quantities. These conditions render it difficult to use the material from the streets for the fertilization of the soil.

The immediate difficulty, as to the dumping of refuse into the river or the bay, ought not to be removed by any yielding of the authorities as to the dumping of solid matter within the outer bay. It is better that the city should suffer in slush and filth, as it has suffered than that its harbor should be rendered less

accessible. Snow from the streets, if carried away within a short time after its fall, might perhaps be emptied into the rivers without serious harm; the benefit to the city would be great, and the damage to the harbor would be small. But the force of the Street-Cleaning Bureau does not suffice to make a clearance of a single important street, after a severe fall of snow, before the mingling of dirt and snow has gone so far that the matter removed should not be thrown into the river. In the great city of New-York there ought to be intelligence and shrewdness enough to solve this problem, but no step toward a solution will be taken until the fact is recognized that the problem is a difficult one, which demands the most serious attention.

ENGLAND'S AFGHAN POLICY.

The editorial published yesterday by THE London Times, and in part telegraphed to this country, in regard to the Afghan question, was a remarkable article. To appreciate its character it must be remembered that the difficulties in Afghanistan were originally caused, and to this day have been rendered of vital importance in British opinion, by the extremely delicate relations between Great Britain and Russia. The feeling that the possession of Afghanistan had become absolutely necessary, in order to secure Great Britain against the steady advance of Russia toward India, was the cause of those measures which have brought the Government into its difficulties in Afghanistan, and of the public opinion which at first sustained it in those measures. But THE Times now says:

"The Afghan question is beginning to press for a settlement. . . . If the Government suffers itself to be guided by the so-called fatality of circumstances, or if it weakly permits its authority to be taken out of its hands, and its name to be used for schemes of which it does not approve, its sentence of condemnation may be regarded as then certain. . . . The policy which the country is calling for is urgently needed. A faulty policy, which would be fruitful in future disturbance, and would entail responsibilities which the country would be most unwilling to assume, would be a grave public misfortune. The punishment would be certain, and it could not be now long delayed, but the mischief done would not thus easily be cured. We can not retire from Afghanistan with honor and with safety. By and by the choice may not be open to us."

A few weeks ago it would hardly have been believed that public opinion in England would have demanded or sustained an abandonment of the country which Great Britain has already sacrificed so much in order to control. Perhaps so great a change in public opinion has not yet been effected; but THE Times has long been distinguished for seeking to represent—often with great success—the changing phases of British sentiment, and there is much reason to suppose that its exceedingly blunt announcement at this time is an evidence of a real ripening of opinion adverse to the policy of the Ministry. The remarkable speeches of Mr. Gladstone, of which the correspondent of THE TRIBUNE has given such graphic accounts, with the extraordinary welcome which he received, must have gone far to arouse English thinkers and voters as to the danger of the course which the Government has pursued. It is not too much to say, as THE Times does in the article previously quoted: "The Government is already weighted heavily with 'the unfortunate Zulu war and the budget,' 'derangement that has followed it. A new mistake in Afghanistan would not improbably be more than they could bear up against.'"

The mistake, it seems to people at a distance, has been made already. It was made when Great Britain, without adequate reason, forced its authority upon Afghanistan, and interfered with the Government of that country, having no other purpose than to establish its own armies and garrisons there as a sort of outpost against Russian advance. As a consequence the British Government finds itself confronted with a war already serious in character and doubtful in results; a war which the experience of England in the East must have shown to thoughtful Englishmen is likely to be one of intense bitterness, because prompted by religious feeling on the part of Mahomedans. Apparently it would be prudent for England to retire; and yet there are few Englishmen who can now contemplate without great hesitation and reluctance the thought of abandoning the country after such severe defeats as have been sustained.

It must be observed, too, that the official reports which reach English readers constantly hold out—and perhaps with much truth—the idea that resistance in Afghanistan has been prompted by Russian influence and Russian gold. There is nothing intrinsically improbable in the statement. Russian diplomacy has often resorted to similar methods, and it would be exceedingly natural, if Russia desired at any time to press forward toward India, that Russian emissaries should prepare the way by stirring up hostility toward Great Britain among the tribes of Afghanistan. If this is the fact, however, it must be expected that the conflict will become more serious at every step, and that Russian influence, once exerted, will be continued, and Russian support ultimately given in still more effective ways.

MARY AND OTHER MOTHERS.

The week just over is the great culminating festival of the year throughout all Christendom, the one which probably affects our lives in their religious faith more than any other, simply because it affects us while we are children. Its teaching, too, it is fair to say, is done more by women than by the church. Children are not likely to pay much attention to the "Parson's saw" on Christmas. But there are few homes in this or any other civilized country in which the story of the birth of Jesus has not been revived during the last few days. That mother must be callous and worldly who forgets to bring her children about her knees at least on this one day of the year, to tell them of the Star and the Babe in the Manger, and to give them some vague idea of the purport and meaning to them of His coming. Christmas deserves to be immortal if only for the chance that that mother's sermon will be preached in it. Church sermons, as a rule, are aimed far above the heads of our boys and girls. Their religious instruction is left too much nowadays by both parents and pastors to Sunday-schools, and Sunday-school teaching for many reasons too often fails of effect, and in the best case falls short of home influence. But the simple story of Christ's birth, told by a loving woman to the child in her arms amid all the happiness and joyful brightness of Christmas, he will never forget though he live to a gray-haired and vicious old age.

A woman is more likely to comprehend the reason why her Lord came to the world first as a child, because she has borne children of her own; but she, curiously enough, is not so apt to think intelligently of His mother and her part in the story, because she herself is a mother. The homage so long paid to Mary by the Roman Church has caused modern Protestants to thrust her almost

out of sight. How many young mothers and well-meaning matrons in their pews to-day have tried to realize the truth about that Hebrew girl, lying, pauper as she was, in the straw of the inn stable, her baby in her arms? Did they ever try to put themselves in her place? On one day she is brutally thrust out in her terrible agony to lie down with the cattle; the next, kings and angels are kneeling before her child. How does she bear herself in these changes? The human shame presses sharply through the divine honor. She has been a pure maiden of spotless descent, yet she knows that her child is entitled to no name but that which God gave it. Kings and angels may hail it as the Son of God, but her world—the common people whom she must live with every day—will hold it as her son alone; she is disgraced by its birth, so that even the man who loved her best was "angled to put her away privily." When the angels and kings pay homage she is not arrogant. When she is told that she has been chosen from among all women, that the Messiah is to be sent to the world through her, she is not exultant; she faces her own disgrace without a word of remonstrance. As years pass, the sword pierces her soul also in the sufferings of her son, but she is dumb. Through her whole share of this terrible drama, which the world has known but once, there is no word or thought of herself. She is simply the handmaid of the Lord; he it unto her according to His will.

Now, none of the mothers who read these words to-day can hope, as did every Hebrew woman, to give birth to the Messiah. But they are mothers. Their sons may or may not in the future influence a race, a country, a city for its salvation; they certainly, however, will influence every human being with whom they ever come in contact, either for good or evil; and whether it will be for good or evil depends more upon their mothers than on any other thing or person. Our mothers are apt to forget that upon their devoutness, integrity and gentleness depends the character of the children to whom they shall give birth, and that God has sent them into the world for a certain work, which is not solely to push their way into this or that social clique, or to decorate houses or even to suppress mendicancy, etc., but to give birth to babes, and to make strong, helpful men and women out of them. Are they arrogant because their children are likely to hold high rank in the world? Are they cowed by poverty and disgrace? Do they think much of the talk of the common world about them, or do they ponder in their hearts on what God said to them alone when His messengers came, once or twice in their lives? Are they to their children simply "the handmaids of the Lord"? If not, let them take up again this story of the Divine Child and his human mother, so familiar to them already, and read it from the woman's side. They will find it full of new meanings which will give light to their daily work and struggles for the children so dear to them.

THE LAW OF SUNDAY READING.

The decision rendered twenty odd years ago in THE Courier's case has contributed to maintain a vague impression among sincere and estimable readers that Sunday labor for furnishing the people with fresh reading on that day is really contrary to the civil law and is done only by toleration. But the Legislature interposed to annul that decision, and expressed the sense of the people to be that it is necessary work, and that no legal objection can be taken to the contracts or dealings of a newspaper on the ground of publication on a Sunday. There is little doubt that similar support would be given to the quiet opening of public libraries. This ground was very nearly reached by a decision in Philadelphia, years ago, where the complaint was that the Mercantile Library was not kept open; and the court explained that this was something which the law neither commands nor forbids. The question is confined to the sound judgment of the conservators of the institution, who are trusted to do as the public interest requires. The objection misconceives the principle on which, in modern times, the day is protected. The civil law has long disavowed imposing any religious obligation, or enforcing or dictating the faith or worship of the people. It seeks to protect the first day simply as a popular holiday; to keep it free from excitement, anxieties and burdensome week-day toil, and free for repose, study, worship, innocent and quiet recreation; in a word, for whatever means of recuperation the orderly, law-abiding citizen finds preferable. Reading is not the least valuable of these means; and the law does not confine the reader to books he can buy and own, nor command him to gather news, like mamma, a double portion on Saturday. Wherever and as fast as Sunday reading becomes one of the general wants and needs of the people, the law recognizes whatever minimum of labor of librarians or printers may be involved in supplying it, as "necessary" work. For the judicial principle of discontinuance of necessary work is this: The great general purpose is to guarantee a rest-day for the masses. But some wants of life and purposes of labor are recognized as superior to the need of abstinence from work. Minds will differ as to what these are, but all will assent that there are some. These are such as providing not only wholesome but enjoyable foods, giving facilities for worship and for religious instruction; the supply of medicines of medical attendance and of nursing the sick; the prompt and reverent burial of the dead; police supervision; transportation of mails; prosecution of voyages and of processes of manufacture which cannot be begun and completed in six days. Among these has come to be regarded by general consent, in the larger cities, the furnishing of innocent, healthful, fresh reading for the unemployed hours of the day. Since the Jurist permits the labor of cooks, of sextons, of druggists, of policemen, of seamen, on Sunday, he must also, in a reading community, permit the small measure of service needed for supplying facilities for reading. Necessity, in all questions of Sabbath observance, is relative. If the general object of work is justifiable, whatever must needs be done to attain it is "necessary."

Not long ago, while one of the St. Louis papers maintained a Sunday edition, a business house ordered an advertisement inserted in it every Sunday for a year. Later the proprietors stopped the Sunday paper, and transferred the advertisement to the Saturday issue. When they sued for the bill the advertisers first objected that the contract was void because it involved Sunday work. But the judges said it did not involve Sunday work; it was mostly and could be altogether performed over night. The advertisers then complained that it had not been performed; that they had agreed to pay for a Sunday advertisement and had been put off with a Saturday one. This defense the judges sustained; thus holding that the paper not only might be, but between these parties ought to have been, published on Sunday. THE San Francisco Chronicle was, while ago at least, published on Sunday morning and omitted on Monday. Meantime the city authorities had occasion to advertise for proposals for street improvement, and the law required the advertisement to be published in two "daily papers." They gave it to THE Chronicle for one, and a taxpayer contested the assessment; for, said he, THE Chronicle is not a daily paper—it skips Monday. The court held that the Sunday issue was a full compliance with the law. The proprietors might publish on Sunday instead of Monday, if they pleased.

The sovereigns of Europe must be amused by the troubles of their youngest brother, the now-made Prince of Bulgaria, who has managed during the first six months of his reign to create a deficit in his budget that would do credit to any of them, and at the same time to get into a row with his Parlia-

ment. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who found himself suddenly transformed by the Congress of Berlin from a lieutenant of Prussian dragoons to the monarch of a country he had never seen, went to Bulgaria with fine principles on the subject of constitutional government. He hoped to initiate his subjects, just emancipated from the tyranny of Turkish pachas, into the theories and practice of popular liberty, restrained and regulated by a representative body and a responsible ministry. These notions soon vanished, however, when he came to deal with a factious and hard-headed legislative body, and his early training as a soldier began to assert itself. The Skupstschina voted his Conservative Ministry out of power. He submitted at first with a good grace and called upon the chief of the opposition to form a Liberal Ministry. When the names were handed him for his approval he objected to one after the other, until the Skupstschina was badly respectful in its tone. Then he insisted that the Ministry of War should not be subject to change, except at his pleasure. The Skupstschina refused. Thereupon he dissolved it and ordered a new election, which is soon to take place. The old members will probably be returned, and thus the contest will begin anew. It is related that when the Prince was a child his uncle, the King of Prussia, sent him a present of a box of toy soldiers. At the same time his aunt, the Empress of Russia, also sent him a box of toy soldiers. He had a great fondness for playing battles with these toys, and did not leave off playing soldier until he became a live soldier himself in the Prussian Guard. This sort of education was hardly the thing to make a good constitutional sovereign, even of Bulgaria.

If the Democratic editors who are laboring so hard to make the action of the Louisiana Returning Board serve as an excuse for the Maine fraud would look at two facts they might find the job of stretching their consciences too tough to be persisted in. The first fact is that the Louisiana Board undertook to make the result of the election express the will of a majority of the voters, which had been notoriously subverted by intimidation and murder in five of the strongest Republican parishes. They may have gone beyond the proper limits of their authority, but they were able to claim that their motive was to right a wrong and not to commit one. The second fact is that Governor Garcelon and his coadjutors are endeavoring not to promote but to defeat the will of the people of Maine, so plainly expressed at the ballot-box as to be beyond the possibility of question. They cannot say that a fair vote would have returned a Fusion Legislature for they know that there was a fair vote and that the result was the choice of a Legislature largely Republican in both branches. In the one case a constitutional function conferred for the express purpose of providing a remedy for violence and fraud was used to protect the rights of the majority; in the other a constitutional function conferred with the sole view of providing a means for ascertaining the will of the people is abused to subvert that will. The Constitution of Louisiana, in force in 1876, required the Returning Board to throw out returns which they might believe were vitiated by fraud and terrorism. The Constitution of Maine does not contemplate the disfranchisement of towns and cities for any reason, and least of all on technical objections to the form of the returns raised by the Board of Canvassers themselves. The unconstitutional attempt to rob the people of Maine of their elective rights is an impudent effort "to steal the ivory of heaven to serve the devil in."

The Duke of Wellington once said to a tableful of his old Waterloo officers: "Gentlemen, it must be admitted that ours is a damnable profession." Probably General Grant is no exception to the rule that great commanders are not fond of war. They know best the dark side of it, and have felt most keenly the miseries which it occasions. When, therefore, the members of the Universal Peace Union called last Friday upon General Grant, in Philadelphia, it was natural that he should tell them that, in his opinion, there ought to be some way of settling international difficulties without bloodshed. This was a good deal for a professional soldier to say, but no doubt it was said heartily and sincerely. It is greatly to be wished that all this feeling in favor of peace which is floating about the world, and which is made the keynote of speeches upon some festive occasions, could be reduced to something like practical measures. The world undoubtedly does not go to war quite so readily and rashly as it did once. Railways have done much to shorten campaigns. Making war merely for the sake of conquest is no longer reputable, but it is not unknown. The difference between ancient and modern wars is not so much in the slaughter as in the intention now is not shamelessly avowed. That nation is in the best position which neither desires nor fears wars—which is ready to negotiate, and when negotiation fails is equally ready for the ultima ratio.

The Mission to Russia, which President Hayes has, according to report, offered to Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, has not been in great request of late. The incumbent has to spend a good deal of his own money in order to keep on a footing socially with the representatives of other great Powers. Then the climate is very trying, the Court is hedged about with ceremonial rules which are stumbling blocks to an American, and the language of the country is so difficult to acquire that it takes a foreigner half a lifetime to become familiar with it. These drawbacks have saved the President from being annoyed by a rush of applicants for the vacant place; indeed it is understood that he has found some difficulty in finding a competent person willing to accept it. Most of our envoys to St. Petersburg have been entirely satisfied with a residence of a year or two, and have gladly returned home before the expiration of their official terms. Minister Stourghill, whose social talents fitted him for enjoying the pleasant side of life at the Muscovite capital, did not serve out half his time. Among recent Ministers ex-Governor Curtin made the longest stay. The czar conceived a personal friendship for him and presented him with a fine portrait of himself in oil when he left the country.

The London papers go too fast and too far in concluding that the appointment of Sir Alexander Gait as Canadian representative in England means that the Canadian will neither for independence nor for annexation to the United States. The only meaning that can properly be attached to the appointment is that the people of the Dominion are reaching out for a little larger measure of autonomy than they now enjoy. They send a member of their Cabinet to London, where he will be a Minister Resident in fact if not in name. No British colony has ever gone so far in the pathway of independence since the Continental Congress sent envoys to King George to demand a redress of American grievances. As to annexation, if it ever comes, it will in all probability follow some experience of a separate Canadian nationality. The creation of the Dominion Government was a long step in that direction, and the accrediting of a resident Canadian representative in London is a short but not unimportant one. English comments on Canadian affairs are too much colored by the belief that Daniel Webster's metaphor about the roll of English drums following the rising sun around the world can always be quoted as appropriately as now.

There is great excitement in Paris over the snow, and some quaint stories are told concerning it. The other day the police found a man sitting in the middle of a snow bank, crying loud. When asked what was the matter, his response was that he "was from Iceland and the snow made him homesick." An Egyptian, who never in his life before seen snow, was so astonished and delighted with the novelty that going out he gathered a newspaper full, brought it into the house, and laid it upon the mantel. An inquiry as to the use to which he meant to put it evolved the gleeful answer that he was "going to send it to a friend in Egypt."

Speak gratefully of dying '79. It brought back to us prosperity.

Is Hardy Solomon still going? That is the question which naturally arises when one peruses the

old letter about him which was published in yesterday's TRIBUNE. He arose suddenly from his bed one morning in February, 1878, put off his rheumatism, put on his clothes and turned himself into a Wandering Jew. The Potter Committee heard of him in several places, but he would never stay in one spot long enough to be summoned. He was likely for a trip around the world when last seen, and may have been on his way, as it is not likely to drop anchor permanently in this part of the world till Tilden's fate in 1880 is decided.

The man who was born on the 29th of February will have the luxury of a birthday next year.

A party of filippine New-Yorkers received a crushing snub from a Boston delegation at a performance of the "Princess Toto" the other evening. They went to the Standard Theatre under the impression that the piece was a funny one, and that the proper way to receive its fun was to laugh. They had abundant opportunity from the very beginning of the performance, and were enjoying themselves greatly, when they discovered that a solemn party of four persons directly in front of them were greatly disturbed, or rather shocked by their hilarity. First the ladies of the solemn party looked around at the offenders with great dignity of countenance, hoping thus to show them the gross impropriety of their conduct. But the hilarity increased rather than diminished. Then the gentlemen of the solemn party turned around and scowled, but with no better effect. When the curtain fell at the end of the act the solemn party, with much shrugging of shoulders and audible murmurs of horror, held a consultation, which resulted in the departure of the most solemn gentleman of the delegation for the theatre. He did not return in time to see the play, and the whole party arose, and with withering glances at the ill-bred persons in the rear, shook the dust from their feet and repaired to seats further back in the theatre. The next act was consequently learned that they came from Boston, and that the preternaturally solemn gentleman who acted as leader of the delegation is the identical person who was once riding with a friend in the vicinity of a snowed-out city, when they came upon a mile-stone bearing the inscription: "1 m. from Boston." "Ah!" he exclaimed, with dimmed emotion, "here is the grave of some true soul who, weary of his frivolities and perplexed at life, has lain down to rest beneath the touching inscription: 'I'm from Boston!'"

Australia would be a good place for the next walking match. All victims of the pedestrian mania should be forced to enter, and the prize should be given to the man or woman who walked all the others to death.

The sad story of the man who committed burglary on Christmas morning, to save his family from starvation, will have the sure effect of stimulating alms-giving for the rest of the holidays, at least. Every street-beggar will profit by it, in spite of the fact that all the leaders in our organized charities declare that such giving is unnecessary, and productive of harm rather than good. Undoubtedly this is true of a vast number of cases, yet how many of us are able to pass by the outstretched hand unheeding, without an uncomfortable misgiving that the thief may be a poor fellow, who, if only a few years ago, a gentleman was stopped in one of our public squares, on a Summer evening, by a woman, who asked for money to buy bread because she was starving. He relieved her to be an impostor, and passed on without giving her anything. When he returned, an hour or so later, he saw a crowd in the square, and peering into the midst of it, saw the woman taking money from the pockets of the same woman. She had started to death. Is it any wonder that that man can never get past a beggar now without giving him? As a general thing it is easy to tell the impostor, and the way to detect when there is doubt is to investigate.

PERSONAL.

Vice-President Wheeler is now in Chattanooga, Tenn., visiting his nearest relative, a cousin.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has just lost by death her only child, a daughter.

Madame Louis Fagier, the wife of the author of "The World before the Deluge," and herself a writer, lately died of the unusual cold in Paris. It produced congestion of the brain.

Dr. E. G. Robinson, speaker of Brown University, and an eloquent preacher, will preach to-day, morning and evening, at the First Baptist Church, corner Park-ave. and Thirty-ninth-st.

M. Carols Duran will depart a little in the next Salon from his accustomed routine of portraiture. Besides a portrait subject he intends to send a fine group painting of Christ at the Sepulchre, which he has just finished.

M. de Minck, the violinist, has just met with an uncomfortable accident at Denver. His shoulder was dislocated by the careless handling of a piano which was being removed from the hall where the Carolina Patti company had appeared.

Mrs. Mary Anderson received from the company acting with her a Christmas gift of a very beautiful diamond horseshoe. "What though, the gift be little," said the accompanying letter, "Accent it to good part; You may have been given more, but not with better heart." In response Miss Anderson invited the whole company to an excellent dinner.

After quoting THE TRIBUNE's recent paragraph concerning Mr. Tenyson's peculiar method of recitation, THE Free Press, of Elmira, recalls the story that Mr. Sumner, visiting the poet on one occasion, stated slightly to the effect of his poem: "That it is not the way to recite," said Mr. Tenyson hastily. "Now hear me!" and he kept Mr. Sumner listening all of a long afternoon.

Sig. Campanini will not return to Europe with the rest of Mr. Mapleson's company in the Spring. He has been engaged for the Cincinnati Musical Festival in May, where he is to sing the principal tenor parts in the Beethoven Mass in D and in Rubenstein's "Tower of Babel," besides appearing in the miscellaneous operas. After that he will visit some of the Summer resorts and other places of interest in the United States, returning to New-York for the opera season of next Autumn and Winter.

The late eccentric hermit Duke of Portland was exceedingly kind to animals, liking to feed them with his own hand. He had two pet deer on his estate and was constantly in the habit of driving about to visit them, taking bread and sugar for them in his pockets. At a unkind critic says of the Duke, who was a devoted animal lover, "He was certainly to excuse almost any eccentricity." The one noble act attributed to the Duke was that he was almost the death of a gentleman of the press, who came down invited to depict his Grace at home.

Mr. Gladstone has had a companion on his recent Scottish tour whom no New-Yorker would think of, and whose presence every New-Yorker, when he once heard of it, would say was the most natural thing in the world. He has been accompanied by Mr. Sam. Ward, a Scotch vestryman who was the way of it. Over here Sam Ward looked after Lord Rosebery. Over there Lord Rosebery took pains to make the genial old baron recent in time enjoy himself. Pundit John Bull, Mr. Gladstone's wayward wayward, was the Scotchman's guest. The rest of the story tells itself.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, on her return from Spain to France, was delayed at Valladolid by an accident to the train. A coal incident took place when the Madrid train pulled off from the place where the accident occurred. Among the passengers were some gentlemen in their national costume belonging to the Chinese Embassy. They were invited to alight and take another train which was in waiting on the Paris side of the blockade of overturned carriages. Fearing, perhaps, of a case of yellow fever, as it was known that their lives were in danger, they resolutely refused to leave their seats, and returned in the same carriage to Madrid, thinking all the time they were on their road to Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—Ex-Marshal Bazaine, whose sentence of death for treason at Metz was commuted by President McMahon to twenty years' imprisonment, and who escaped from prison, has requested permission to reside in some family affairs in France, but has been refused.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.
 THE NEW OPERETTA BY MESSES. SULLIVAN AND GILBERT.

The Pirates of Penzance were the most ruthless and accomplished cut-throats who ever scuttled a White Star steamer. Their lair was a rocky place on the coast of Cornwall, remote enough for quiet and yet convenient for business. With equal ease they could swoop from their hiding upon the Liverpool and New-York mail-packets, or cut out the full freighted argosies which ply between Boulogne and Folkestone in connection with the tidal trains of the Southwestern Railway. Yet, as their Chief mournfully observed, somehow they never could make piracy pay. This unfortunate failure was due to the tenderness of their hearts. They were far too ready to spare the weak; and when they attacked the strong they always got thrashed. It was their rule to have mercy upon orphans. "Though we are Pirates," said the Chief, "we are not in-